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The Moderate Revolution
—Henry G. Fairbanks

THE

Commonweal

A Debate

"The Catholic in the Modern World"

A Conservative View

by William F. Buckley, Jr.

A Liberal View

by William Clancy

ROBINSON CRUSOE: A POEM . . . . . by Adrien Stoutenburg
AFRICAN TREASURY . . . . . by Victor Ferkiss
THE DANISH MOBILE: A POEM . . . . . by Josephine Jacobsen
TOWARD CHRISTIAN UNITY . . . . . by Leonard F. X. Mayhew
DEATH OF THE IMAGINATION . . . . by Thomas P. McDonnell

Volume LXXIII, No. 12 December 16, 1960 Twenty-Five Cents

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she sleeps on the earthen floor

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CATHOLICS: CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL

IF WE HAD been asked, a short time ago, if further debate concerning the relative merits of "conservative" and "liberal" views within the Church would be profitable, we would have been very doubtful. But several incidents have conspired, within recent months, to change our attitude. In this issue, therefore, we are publishing one section of a long debate between William Buckley, who presents the case for a "conservative" view, and William Clancy, who presents the case for a "liberal" view of "The Catholic in the Modern World."

The national election, for one thing, showed not only that there are still two major political divisions within our society that can, all qualifications aside, be safely termed liberal and conservative; it also showed that Catholics participate in this division. If the majority of Catholics voted for Kennedy, we are aware of a good number who voted for Nixon and a very articulate group who were, and are, for Barry Goldwater. This, of course, comes as no surprise. What was surprising, and dispiriting, was the way in which, during the campaign, many Catholic conjoined their Catholicism with their own political allegiance. Apparently some intense work of clarification is still necessary.

Another more nearly personal reason is that The Commonweal and many of its contributors continue to be attacked for adhering to a complex of supposedly "liberal" ideas and attitudes which they allegedly advocate. It becomes necessary, every once in a while, to dig out from under the odd *mélange* of opinions, policies, and beliefs which are so liberally attributed to us by our critics, and to attempt to set the record straight.

We received recently, for example, a copy of a lead editorial that appeared in the *West Virginia Register*, described in the masthead as the "Weekly Newspaper of the Diocese of Wheeling." The writer of the editorial begins by saying that he is writing against the "Liberal Catholics." Labels are always dangerous, he warns, but a small group of laymen and clerics have "adopted a name which does not belong to them: Liberal. . . . The 'liberals' of 1960 include in their ranks not only those who espouse the freedom of the individual from any organization or civilized custom but unfortunately too many who are in reality nothing more than pinkos and leftists and Communists."

Apparently unaware that he has fallen into the dangerous habit of labeling he had previously decried, the editorial writer blithely proceeds to say that some Catholics follow these "wolves in sheep's clothing." "They like to be called 'Catholic Liberals' but detest being called 'Liberal Catholics.' With an intellectual arrogance that is as amazing as it is insulting, they try to sell the world on the idea that there are no Catholic intellectuals in the U.S.A.—except, of course, themselves—and that all of us should genuflect to their great god of practical politics. As Father Ginder wrote in *Our Sunday Visitor:* 'We can either convert them or join them. But if we join them, we will no longer be Catholics.' "

TO LUXURIATE in understatement, this is a very odd proposition. We don't know to whom Father Ginder originally referred, and we don't know Catholics who fit the description of the editorial, but if the editorial syntax of this diocesan weekly is to be trusted, some unnamed Catholics are being read right out of the Church. This is not only arrogant; it is foolish.

There is no doubt, however, about the kind of people the editor meant. For, some paragraphs later, he writes: "Contrary to what John Cogley, Donald

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McDonald, and others have written so often and so glowingly in The Commonweal, *America, Jubilee,* etc. . . ." Well, there you have it. There, in the mind of this editor, is the nucleus of "liberal Catholicism." Does his description correspond to the reality? The answer is clearly no. He has constructed a caricature, called it liberal Catholicism, assigned to it well-known names, lashed out at it fearlessly, and, apparently, excommunicated it.

This is, admittedly, an extreme example of the kind of attack which is far too prevalent in the Catholic press. Since it is conducted in terms of "liberal" and "conservative," we think it desirable to have another clarification of these terms by two intelligent, articulate Catholics. We have no intention of associating Mr. Buckley with the writer of the diocesan editorial. On the contrary, we understand that Mr. Buckley is widely regarded by "conservative" Catholics as the best they have to offer in this country, and it is with this view that we publish his statement.

But we would not want our own position to be misunderstood. When Mr. Buckley suggested that we might be interested in publishing his text, we did not accept with the idea of criticizing him. Still it must be abundantly clear that in this debate we are not impartial, that our beliefs and attitudes are not his, that our sympathies lie elsewhere. We believe, in short, that Mr. Clancy's view of the role most appropriate to the Catholic in the modern world is the superior view, and we associate ourselves with him.

COLONIALISM DEBATES

IN THE U.N. debates on bringing an end to colonialism in the world, certain tendencies appear unmistakable. The almost universal desire for independence among the world's colonial peoples is wholly genuine. It is a sentiment that is gaining rather than losing force. At the same time the world's non-Caucasian peoples are so caught up in their common resentment of exploitation by Europeans that they remain comparatively indifferent to the fate of Hungary, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia—and even to the ruthless subjugation of the people of Tibet. To arraign the U.S.S.R. (which has the gall to pose as a foe of colonialism) is doubtless important for the record, but little Afro-Asian support can be expected for any U.N. resolution condemning Soviet colonialism.

At this present writing the U.N. appears certain to adopt some anti-colonialism resolution. Which

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will it be? The Soviet's is expectedly all out, with provisions which would be of direct help to the U.S.S.R. in the cold war. It calls for immediate termination of all colonial dependencies and foreign territorial leases. The resolution sponsored by the Afro-Asian nations is less sweeping and milder in tone, but it likewise urges "immediate" steps to independence. Then there is the resolution of Francisco Bermudez of Honduras which, while proclaiming the desirability of ending colonialism everywhere, would set up a U.N. commission to study the remaining colonies.

At the other end of the spectrum are Portugal, which jeopardized any chance it had for a seat on the Security Council by insisting that Angola and Mozambique are integral parts of the Portuguese homeland, and Spain, which has consented to a report to the U.N. on its colonies. America itself encounters the greatest difficulties because of certain colonial policies of its principal European allies—none greater than the Algerian question.

It is obvious that one result of so much spontaneous and inspired agitation is to accelerate the pace of political liberation, to set peoples free before they are ready for self-government. There are cogent reasons for opposing a resolution which calls for immediate independence everywhere regardless. Yet it is clearly the part of wisdom wholeheartedly to support the aspirations of these peoples and their Afro-Asian friends. In certain situations it may be possible to underline the necessity for preliminary foundations to be laid. But, as the case will stack up in most instances, fairly immediate independence, for which a colonial people is ill-prepared, is clearly preferable to any attempt to protract a colonial rule not sustained by the consent of the governed. And as we Americans welcome these new peoples to the ranks of sovereign nations, we must extend to them every measure of understanding and moral support.

THE APPALACHIN DECISION

IN 1957, at Appalachin, N.Y., a meeting of sixty-three more or less notorious underworld figures was raided by the police, and for two years thereafter investigators tried vainly to discover the reason for the extraordinary gangland conference. None of the group would "talk," except to give answers like "We were visiting a sick friend." Finally, twenty-one of the Appalachin guest list were indicted for conspiring to give "false, fictitious and evasive testimony" and hence to obstruct justice; one was acquitted and the other twenty found guilty and sentenced to prison terms of from three to five years and fines up to ten thousand dollars.

Reversing these convictions, the U.S. Court of Appeals has now ruled that the Government failed to prove conspiracy, failed to show that the meeting at Appalachin had an unlawful purpose. Granting that at least some of the defendants had probably lied, the Court concluded, "Bad as many of these alleged conspirators may be, their conviction for a crime which the Government could not prove . . . cannot be permitted to stand." And so these key figures in organized crime go free, perhaps to continue their war on society.

So be it, we would say, and give thanks that this is a land where all men—not just the virtuous, the respectable, those the community approves of—are guaranteed equal treatment under the law. Many commentators have expressed dismay over the Court of Appeals decision, saying that society must protect itself from its enemies at all costs. But we hold just the opposite belief. Ours is a government of laws, and of specifically limited competence. When laws are applied differently to different men, every man is in danger from the law. To say that "anything goes" in the effort to fight criminals is to make a mockery of the law, and of justice. It is, we think, a patently unreasonable and perilous dictum. In this country it is also, happily, unconstitutional, as the Court of Appeals has held.

LOUISIANA PICTURE

LEGALLY, it is hard to see what course segregationist-minded state officials in Louisiana think is now open to them. After the integration fight started, the Louisiana legislature passed a series of related bills, all aimed at frustrating the Supreme Court's 1954 ruling which outlawed segregation in the public schools. Included in the segregationist legal package were the much-heralded act to interpose the state between the schools and the authority of the Supreme Court and other measures designed to transfer authority over the schools from the school boards to the legislature.

In a recent historic decision, a special three-judge Federal court has now struck down the entire integrationist package, including the interposition act which was considered by segregationists in Louisiana and elsewhere to be the key to continued resistance to desegregation. The special court then

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specifically enjoined more than seven hundred state and local officials from interfering with the integration program, including Governor Davis and the entire Louisiana legislature, as well as various mayors, sheriffs and police chiefs. At the same time the court rejected a request by the school board itself for an additional delay in effecting even token integration because of the disturbances that have already taken place. The court's position is clear: segregation in the public schools is illegal, and integration must proceed without further delay.

As far as the current situation in New Orleans is concerned, Mayor deLessops S. Morrison is convinced that things are not as bad as they appear from the outside. The demonstrators, he said recently, number not more than two hundred people, and they tend to be the same people day after day. "In many cases," Mayor Morrison said, "these people go to the area to get themselves on television and hurry home for the afternoon and evening telecasts to see the show." A voluntary reduction in the number of reporters and a since-rejected two- or three-day moratorium on the publicity would, he is convinced, mean an end of the demonstrations. Then, he said, "we would erase this hideous image which is being consistently created to the detriment of our community."

This is encouraging, but it would be overly optimistic to imagine that the segregationists are ready to give up yet. Since the court enjoined any interference with school integration in New Orleans, the members of the state legislature have deliberately exposed themselves to contempt citations by a further legislative effort to take over the city's schools, and Governor Davis has likewise invited a contempt citation by signing the bill. Despite the objectively impossible legal position in which the segregationists now find themselves, the likelihood is that further maneuverings in and out of court will complicate the New Orleans situation for a long time to come.

If it took a special Federal court to clarify the legal situation in New Orleans, the moral course has always seemed to us unmistakable. That course was dramatically symbolized in three pictures from New Orleans which appeared in newspapers all over the nation during the course of one troubled week: one of a young mother, taking her child to school through a jeering, cat-calling crowd; one of a Methodist minister, the Rev. Andrew Foreman, confronting a hostile and angry mob; the third of a Catholic priest, Father Jerome A. Drolet, who accompanied the Methodist minister to lend his moral support. In our view the actions of these three, one mother, one minister and one priest, represent the best in our tradition; we trust time will show they are more representative of the true spirit of the citizens of New Orleans than the actions of hysterical and hate-filled mobs.

KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT

AT THIS writing, the great question is still undecided: President-elect Kennedy has not made up his mind whether to wear a top hat, a homburg or no hat at all to his inauguration.

The traditional headgear at inaugurations is the top hat—or at least it was until 1952, when President-elect Eisenhower announced his intention of wearing a homburg. At that time, it has been reported, President Truman was piqued because his own wishes were ignored and the Eisenhower homburg choice was announced without even consulting him. In addition to this bit of hat-rack history, the situation this time is further complicated by the fact that Mr. Kennedy often goes hatless.

How will the issue be settled? Will President-elect Kennedy choose to emphasize youth and innovation by going to the inauguration bareheaded? He would thereby plunge the hat industry into gloom and put Mr. Eisenhower in an awkward, not to say chilly, predicament. Will Democratic loyalties, if not a sense of the past, bid the President-elect to return to the top hat spurned by a Republican? This choice would calm the anxious hat merchants, and perhaps give Mr. Eisenhower a touch of the pique Harry Truman felt in 1952. Will Mr. Kennedy extend his recent efforts at conciliation and harmony to the area of haberdashery and go along with the Eisenhower homburg? This course would doubtless please Mr. Eisenhower—and the hatters—but it could conceivably disgruntle Mr. Truman and other Democratic Party regulars who have been nursing small as well as large grievances for these eight long years.

It's a problem, no doubt about it. The one wonderful thing about it, however, is that it is firmly and luxuriously trivial. With all the grave decisions he must make, Mr. Kennedy must find it almost pleasant to be faced with a crisis wherein nothing of great consequence depends on the decision he makes. Furthermore, when he does make his decision, everyone will be interested, of course, but few will be outraged, triumphant, alarmed, reassured, troubled, or anything much at all—and in these hyperthyroid times, that seems a blessed prospect indeed.

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The Catholic in the Modern World

EDITORS' NOTE: The merits of conservative and liberal approaches to the modern world were debated early this year by William F. Buckley, Jr., editor of the "National Review," and William Clancy, formerly one of the editors of The Commonweal and now editor of "Worldview." Response to that debate was so great that a series of three debates concerning "The Catholic in the Modern World" was initiated, with Mr. Buckley presenting the case for the conservative, Mr. Clancy for the liberal. Texts of the opening statements of the first debate follow. (Full transcripts of this debate, and the others when ready, can be obtained for fifty cents each from the sponsor: St. Leo's Church, East Paterson, N.J.)

A Conservative View

by WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

I AM NOT aware what point of departure Mr. Clancy will take in getting into the subject of this debate, nor is he aware what will be my point of departure. We simply took it as an act of faith that we would end up disagreeing with one another, and both Mr. Clancy's faith and my own are strong; with perhaps the difference that I go so far as to have faith that Mr. Clancy will one day be liberated from the superstitions of liberalism, whereas he doesn't believe I shall ever be saved from the truths of conservatism—so that perhaps it can be said my faith is stronger than his.

We must necessarily be arbitrary. The problems of the modern world cannot be enumerated, let alone analyzed, in twenty minutes. I am the student who is asked to write a ten-minute paper on the results of the French Revolution; and must, necessarily fail the test. I can do no better, I suggest, than simply to speak out loud some of the thoughts that crowd the mind of one American Catholic conservative as he faces an evening by the fireside with Mr. Clancy.

Let us try to understand what lies behind the human and organizational associations of liberal Catholics in this country. Why is it that the liberal Catholic is on easy terms with everybody in America on his Left, saving only the Communists? Go through one hundred issues of The Commonweal—to name a single but wholly representative journal of liberal Catholic opinion—and you are not likely to find a sustained criticism of any left American or left proposal. If the figure on the Left is a Catholic, he is almost sure to be immune—as Dorothy Day, for instance, is. Bear in mind I am not suggesting that The Commonweal is secretly sympathetic to the grotesqueries that go into making up the Catholic Worker movement: but I am struck by the significance of the fact that The Commonweal does not criticize, let alone anathematize, the slovenly, reckless, intellectually chaotic, anti-Catholic doctrines of this good-hearted woman—who, did she have her way in shaping national policy, would test the promise of Christ Himself, that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us. Miss Day is off to the Left almost out of sight, granted; but between her and the editors of The Commonweal are multitudinous others who would the seas incarnadine: socialists, pacifists, fellow-travellers, secularists, utopians, positivists, freethinkers: and it is their company in which the Catholic liberal—or perhaps better, the liberal Catholic—moves with such disturbing ease.

For those on the Right it is a very different matter. I should not want to name, and perhaps embarrass, those eminent men who have suffered the smart and indignities that the disfavor of the American Catholic Left brings. I think of one man whom I cannot embarrass, for he is dead. It is well known that the liberal Catholic community is engaged in a fervent effort to forget the existence of Father James Gillis, an effort in which his own order is sedulously cooperating.

The hard opposition, the contempt, the bitterness, is

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directed usually covertly, sometimes openly, at members of the American Right. I think of Mr. William Shannon as an expressive symbol: here is a bright and learned and articulate Catholic who, from the togetherness of the New York *Post,* where he sits with secular socialists, with Freudians, determinists, and pacifists, looses his thunderbolts at the McCarthys, McCarrans and Manions of the contemporary scene. Here is a man who visits his blistering animadversions upon almost every member of the Right, while the devil's ragbaby himself, assuming he came up from the Left—which he would—could get close enough to pour sand in his typewriter, before engaging the unfriendly attention of William Shannon.

WHY? For profound reasons. I think a study of the habits and attitudes, social and polemical, of many liberal Catholic intellectuals reveals an intellectual and social insecurity; a sense of embarrassment with the insufficiency of the Church and its laity to work out an adequate social experience. That uneasiness is primarily a reflection of our society's general ignorance of the Catholic tradition. It is widely held that when the civilized world was mostly Catholic, there was only darkness. We know that is not so. But I venture to say that the devil-view of Catholic history has ended up influencing not merely fundamentalist Baptists, but also highly intelligent Catholics; who though they know themselves the raw facts of history, tend to lose their perspective, and so are conditioned to construct the facts upon an alien paradigm;—just as it has become almost impossible in our own country for even those who know the facts of the controversy surrounding Senator McCarthy to escape altogether the construction of them that history is inexorably imposing upon us. I have the impression that many of my friends on the Catholic Left are worn haggard by the ghost of the Inquisition; that they cannot forget that the metaphorical meaning of such words as "jesuitical" and "inquisitorial" has now, through centuries of usage as metaphor, come to be the prime meaning of the words. These men grope for reassurance by seeking a symbiotic relationship with the Left, and by propitiating the liberals with an imprudent and incontinent enthusiasm for progressive nostrums, for radical social experimentation, of the kind that wins for them (they think) that long-sought-for recognition as men identified with the Future, not the past; with Progress, not reaction.

One has to rely very heavily of course on impression. In suggesting that typical liberal Catholic intellectuals suffer from an inferiority complex that impels them to do and say strange things, I cannot promise a case that will satisfy Mr. Clancy; any more than one can prove to the wallflower that she is not enjoying herself. In suggesting that the liberal Catholic intellectuals have surrendered the leadership of the City of God to secular milleniarists because these Catholics are ignorant of, or afraid to canvass, the great internal resources of their own Church, I say things which cannot go on a blackboard; but which are nevertheless so. About certain types of things one does not tend to talk out loud. In searching out a person's prejudices, let us cock one's ear to the casual, unguarded inflection, rather than seek out rigid externalizations. It is easier to judge whether a Catholic is ill at ease intellectually or politically or socially in a non-Catholic society by observing his mannerisms, his rhetoric, his style, than by analyzing the arguments he makes.

I suggest that leading American Catholic intellectuals are embarrassed, as I have said, by the understanding of the Church's history which is a part of the patrimony of our Protestant society; by the commonplace identification of Catholicism with reaction; by recurrent political phenomena such as the conspicuous support extended in this country by the Catholic population to such men as General MacArthur, Senator McCarthy and Senator McCarran; and by the fact that there has not developed in America a Catholic intellectual or social aristocracy influential enough to earn the admiration of the whole society. (Though we are probably not, alas, more than a few days away from the inauguration of a Catholic political aristocracy.)

This self-embarrassment manifests itself in several ways. There is the grouchy ill humor shown not only to Rightist Catholics, but also to distinctively Catholic social conventions. Members of this group shy away from many forms of organized Catholic activity, regarding some of them as totemist, and vulgar. They do not gravitate easily, for instance, to Communion breakfasts (though in all fairness, Communion breakfasts do not gravitate easily to them). Instead of attempting to enrich the cultural forms that have grown out of the experience of their religion within the American culture, they shrink from them. That insecurity manifests itself in an abrupt impatience with a particular set of political positions, most especially those that, through the facile drawing of false parallels, permit the enemies of Catholicism to emphasize the social dangers of our religion. In the years since the war, we have all been touched, in some way or other, by the controversy, sometimes violent, over the question of the national security. Opponents of a tough federal security program were quick to label virtually any effort to pursue such a program as "inquisitorial." Every time that word was used, Mr. Clancy would wince. To escape having to wince, some of our friends fell thoughtlessly into line, and began dispensing alarmist clichés about our Reign of Terror and waning liberties.

LET ME be clearly understood: there is good reason to deplore the fact of the Inquisition; but there is no reason that I can see for crediting the notion, so

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sedulously advanced in recent years, that there is a kinship that reaches out over the centuries to link the activities of a Torquemada with the activities of a Senator McCarran. Thus in judging the activities of Senator McCarran, it was not necessary to do so under the shadow of the Inquisition.

The complex I speak of manifests itself in a deep sensitivity to charges of social or intellectual conformity. In the light of which, sometimes almost for the sake of it, these Catholics can be seen inveighing with unsettling vehemence against any effort to exact, by the use of social or intellectual sanction, a consensus of values, a conformity however broad—even a conformity tight enough to exclude Communism.

The Catholics I speak of are, it seems to me, so frightened that the society in which they live should find ground for plausibly suggesting that the Catholics seek, ultimately, to wed Church and State that they put up, in opposition to secular education, only a token resistance. I do not know of a greater injustice than that which Catholics at large seem willing forever to tolerate: the taxation of Catholics for the support of schools in which it is not permitted, by a most tortuous judicial invention woven around the First Amendment, to teach religion. These Catholics—again, I am certain, because of their anxiety to abate the suspicions of the liberal intellectuals—are much more easily mobilized by the issue of racial segregation in the schools in the South. They are prepared to smite down Jim Crow hip and thigh—while allowing to go virtually undisputed, and certainly unresisted, the central challenge to freedom involved in forbidding a family to insist upon religious instruction for its children in a tax-supported public school.

The complex manifests itself, finally, in an inalienable fascination with "forward-looking" social schemes and grand designs for remaking the world. The uncritical acceptance, by some Catholic men and women, of the dizzier postulate of world government, the United Nations, the redistribution of wealth, sometimes appear to stem from that obsessive anxiety to please. What is more, a prodigious and perhaps even sacrilegious effort is made to bring the authority of the Church behind such programs. Father George Dunne will tell you that Leo XIII meant to condemn not programmatic socialism, but merely philosophical socialism; that the political and economic program of Christian Socialism is, mutatis mutandis, the World of the Lord. Donald MacDonald, a febrile Catholic liberal, will tell you with apodictical finality that the Church believes in World Government, and disbelieves in Senator McCarthy.

I have a feeling that in the course of uttering some of the more florid passages advocating guaranteed annual wages, and world government, and water fluoridation, and one hundred years of foreign aid, and the repeal of the Smith Act, liberal Catholic intellectuals have half an eye trained over there in the direction of Paul Blanshard, to whom they are saying, wistfully, "See, Mr. Blanshard, we're really not that bad. We are progressive liberals. We are, to be sure, fellow-communicants with the editors of the Brooklyn *Tablet,* but ours is necessarily a universal Church. Forgive them, for they know not what they do. And bear in mind, although we are Catholics, we *are* politically and socially assimilable within a democratic society. Pray, do not misunderstand us."

If what I say is true, the Catholics in question are among other things wasting a lot of time. Their first mistake stems from the notion that Paul Blanshard—I use him, of course, as a symbol—is a human being, and hence persuadable and, by the grace of God, mortal. He is not. Paul Blanshard is an institution. He is simply the latest and most talkative practitioner of the ancient profession of anti-Catholicism; the representative of the New Nativism. Anti-Catholicism is the anti-Semitism of the highbrow, Peter Viereck reminds us. Such men as Paul Blanshard are always with us. And they will not be satisfied by political or economic concessions. They are satisfied only by the surrender of dogma (and this the Catholics of whom I speak of course have no intention of doing). For them the only good Catholic is the ex-Catholic. Paul Blanshard may speak about Father Dunne with a certain tolerance he would not show in speaking of Father Gillis; but deep within him he feels that Father Dunne is as inextricably caught up in philosophical and authoritarian benightedness as is Father Gillis, and hence, when all is said and done, an enemy of a good democratic, secular society—like Father Gillis. And Blanshard is correct. Father Dunne is a learned and civilized man, and a minister of the Faith. Such a man has difficulty, at the margin, coexisting with Mr. Blanshard.

I DO NOT mean to imply that it becomes the Catholic to move about his society with a sense of personal infallibility which itself more surely than anything else would undermine the whole meaning of the Catholic faith. He must be quick to acknowledge error, and he must be personally humble, and personally kind, and personally tolerant. But he should not take up a position for any reason other than he finds the position itself valid, and compelling. And he should, I believe, train himself to show more toleration for his coreligionists than he sometimes tends to show. I have not seen more bitter criticism of certain Catholics than by other Catholics. And I don't mean criticism focussed on a Catholic's failure to do his duty as a Catholic; I mean criticism of a Catholic in his political or economic life, in an area where controversy and differences of opinion are possible within the framework of Christian principles. It is the responsibility of the Catholic, it would appear to me, to be not only tolerant toward

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Protestants and Jews, but also toward Catholics; even Catholics on the Right.

And so I ask:

—Do we really need to rely on the thinking of the Fund for the Republic and Arden House to guide us toward a solution to modern problems? Or can we look into our own vast resources, which reject, root and branch, the animating prejudices of our secular scholarship?

—It is suggested we must be prepared to coexist with the Soviet Union. That certainly is the position of our secular political leadership. Is it the position—to the extent there can ever be "a" position—of the Catholic laity? I say it is our principal responsibility to search out means by which to hasten the dissolution of Communist society.

—It is suggested our principal responsibility with respect to the Negro is to bring him civil rights. Should civil rights, political rights, be the object of our primary concern? I say it is not established that the promulgation of the Negro's civil rights at the recommended speed will help him to save his soul. Are the two enterprises, indeed, related? If so, how?

—Are we so sure that the free market has been anachronized by our industrialized society? It is widely held by the liberal Catholics that the concept of the just price as described by the Scholastics is the theological authority behind the welfare state. I venture to say the scholarship of those who make this contention turns out to be defective, and that it is established that the principles of the free market were endorsed by the preponderant scholarship of scholasticism.

—Are we so sure that the development of the labor union movement in the United States is in harmony with the ideal of community enunciated by the recent popes; that the labor unions are the modern counterparts of the ancient guilds which allegedly spared the middle ages the ravages of capitalism and monopoly (though in fact they served a different function entirely)? I suggest the labor union movement is nowadays feeding on the common good, that in fact there appears to be an apprehension of this in the Vatican; that labor unions, or many of them, show dehumanizing tendencies which bring into question whether, in their present form, they are a social force we should encourage.

—What is the proper authority of the popes and the bishops? Is it, as Senator Kennedy would have us believe, virtually nonexistent in political matters? The bishops of Ohio came out against right-to-work laws in 1958. Did they have the right to do so? Were they prudent in doing so? What is the force of their authority? On us—and Senator Kennedy? Were the bishops of Puerto Rico correct in coming out against the election of Muñoz Marín? Is the manifesto of the 166 American Catholic intellectuals, published some weeks ago—and in the drafting of which my learned adversary Mr. Clancy played a prominent role—correct in suggesting that interference by the Church with Senator Kennedy's freedom of movement as President is inconceivable? Is Maritain correct in saying it is intolerable for any Catholic to "claim to speak in the name of Catholicism and imply that all Catholics as such should follow their road?" Or are the writers of The Commonweal, *America,* and the *Catholic World* right in telling me, as so many of them are so fond of doing, what to think?

—Are we so certain that there is a consensus among theologians on the true nature of the state? Is it indeed primarily the seat of justice? It is held nowadays that the state must exercise almost infinite authority, that being what it takes to do the work that is needed, to cope with the problems of the day. I say in forwarding the statist solution we have not adequately reflected on the history of man's experience with the state; nor have we pondered the classic and dissenting definitions and analyses of St. Augustine and Cardinal Newman, each in his day the principal Catholic thinker of the age.

I suggest, in closing, that Mr. Clancy and the school he represents have latched on to a fundamentally alien movement. They will never Catholicize it, alas, and it remains to ask, what will it do to them? Oremus.

A Liberal View

by WILLIAM CLANCY

WILLIAM BUCKLEY and I have met in debate three times this year. Each time, I have heard him describe my own "liberal" Catholic position, and have failed to recognize it. I still await some debate in which he will tell us what a "conservative" Catholic is. Because the "liberal" and "conservative" question is not one defined by the easy labeling and categorizing that are the stock in trade of many magazines—both on the left and on the right. It is a question that cannot be profitably discussed in Mr. Buckley's terms of easy blacks and whites, of "angels" and "devils."

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This question of the Catholic in the modern world, of what the attitude of the Catholic should be toward problems of the modern world, is not a simple conservative question of rejecting the modern world or a simple liberal question of embracing the modern world —although, in the course of polemics, the question sometimes is reduced to this. It is not a question of being either "for" the modern world or "against" it. It is rather the complex, serious and history-laden question of the general *approach* of Catholics to the modern world. It is a question of attitude. And here we must begin by making some basic distinctions.

In the first place, every Catholic—and this includes every "liberal" Catholic—is in a certain sense a conservative. And this is true by definition. It would be monstrous to maintain otherwise. The Catholic accepts a Revelation that was once and for all delivered to the apostles; it is part of his patrimony to conserve this Revelation and to pass it on.

So the question here of the liberal and the conservative Catholic is not a doctrinal question. Doctrinally, every Catholic is a conservative, and is proud to be a conservative. The notion of a doctrinally liberal Catholicism, if it ever existed, was disposed of once and for all in the condemnations of Pius IX and of Pius X.

The question here then is not doctrinal. It is: given these facts, given these distinctions, what should be the attitude of Catholics toward the modern world? And it is here, in the question of attitude rather than of doctrine, that the terms liberal and conservative assume meaning —at least as descriptions if not as definitions. It is from this standpoint that I wish to consider them.

Now, this question of the approach of the believer to the "modern world" is an ancient question; it is more ancient than the Christian Church. This is the question that the psalmist asked in one of the greatest, most moving psalms of the Old Testament. The psalmist asked: "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" And believers must repeat the psalmist's question in every age, because in every age there is a conflict between "the world" and the believer. The Prince of this World is at work through history, and any believer who thinks that he serves his faith by subjugating it to the moment, to the demands of the age or to the demands of the century, betrays his faith. The believer is always a stranger and a pilgrim; his question therefore will always be: "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

IN SEEKING to answer this question, the believer faces two obvious temptations. The first temptation is simply to reject the city of man; and this is the temptation to utter transcendence. Certain Christians in every age have succumbed to this temptation. It is a temptation, I think, which historically is more at home with a certain type of Calvinism than it is with Catholicism; but Catholics succumb to it, too. They reject the world as evil; they turn their backs upon it and say: "Here we have our oasis of truth—outside there is the night. Let us build our walls. Let us hold fast to the truth we have. Let us not open the doors." This is the historic temptation of the conservative.

The second temptation comes most easily to certain forms of liberal Christianity, and finds its ultimate expression, I suppose, in such a form of liberal Christianity as Unitarianism; and that is the temptation simply to embrace the "modern" world—to tailor the demands of religion to fit the contingencies of the age. But this temptation also has been felt within the household of the faith. It was yielded to in the nineteenth century by the Abbé Lamennais, and it was the basis of the Modernist movement at the beginning of the twentieth century. This is the historic temptation of the liberal.

Both temptations are a betrayal of the Church and of the world—that world which the Church strives to save. As Christians, we betray our vocation if we succumb to either.

The extreme conservative merely rejects—his answer to the world is a simple "No"; the extreme liberal merely accepts—his answer to the world is a simple "Yes." If I may make a theological analogy, I would say that the extreme conservative, who merely rejects the world, analogically commits the sin of despair; and the extreme liberal, who says a simple "Yes" to the world, analogically commits the sin of presumption. Christian wisdom rejects both. Christian wisdom demands that in our response to the world we find a middle way. The ancient adage of Christian wisdom, *"Virtus stat in media,"* "Strength stands in the middle," is true here as it is true in other aspects of our vocation as Christian citizens of an earthly city.

Although this question of the relationship of the believer to the age is a perennial problem, older than the Christian Church, it is a particularly acute problem in our own age; and it promises to become even more acute in any age that we can foresee, because we live not only in a post-Christian age, but also in what is probably a post-religious age.

It is very easy, and very comforting, to talk about a "religious revival" in America—about the strength of the Church and the strength of the parishes in our land. We can take comfort in religious statistics, however, only if we fail to understand what is really happening in the world about us. Almost everywhere in the world, religion is in retreat. It is on the defensive. The world that is now being made is a world from which, tragically, religion is largely absent. And so, for the believer the question "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" is more pressing today than it was two hundred years ago; and it will be even more pressing in the future.

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THE QUESTION that Mr. Buckley and I are debating, therefore, is not an academic one; it is very real. And it is not a new one; it is very ancient. It is a question that we can ignore only at great peril for religion itself. Because, since the French Revolution of 1789 (that watershed of history) the Christian, more than at any other time, perhaps, since the fall of the Roman Empire, has been forced, if he is to survive, to make a radical reassessment of his position toward the age and of his relationship to the power structures of the world.

This is the problem of conservative and liberal Catholicism. In making this reassessment, what should the Catholic's attitude be? What should his adjustment be, if any? Should he reject out of hand? Should he embrace? Should he attempt to find a middle way?

Now, I maintain that this problem is particularly acute, and the temptations particularly strong, for those Catholics in the modern world who call themselves "conservative." They have tended toward a complete rejection of the world that comes out of the French Revolution. They have tended to view the modern age simply as the dominion of the Prince of Darkness, and to say: "We have our oasis of truth. Here we will stay, and our only contact with the outside world will be to issue an occasional communiqué condemning it."

Such an attitude among Catholics presents terrible problems for the Church, if only from the standpoint of the Church's evangelizing mission. And it presents terrible problems for the Christian layman whose personal vocation, even as a layman, is to save the world. In the Epistle for the Mass of the twentieth Sunday after Pentecost St. Paul tells us, "See, brethren, that you walk carefully; not as fools but as wise men, redeeming the time, because the days are evil." We note that St. Paul did not tell us to castigate the time. He told us to "redeem the time." And here, in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, St. Paul briefly summed up what is the Christian's vocation in every age—to find himself in evil times and yet not to turn his back upon them but redeem them.

This certainly is relevant to one of the really horrifying things about our modern condition—the polarity that exists in modern culture between the world and religion—between Man and God. In the words of a great contemporary Protestant theologian, Paul Tillich (Mr. Buckley, I trust, will forgive me for quoting a non-Catholic theologian): "the modern world sees Christianity as reaction pure and simple; and Christians see the modern world as rebellion pure and simple." In this tragic situation neither can effectively address a word to the other. And so, what has actually been happening under our very eyes and what is continuing to happen, at an ever faster pace, is that the world goes on building its city, from which we, as Christians, are absent; and we Christians, smug in our own wisdom and in our own virtue, are content to let that city, quite literally, go to hell.

FATHER John Courtney Murray, one of the most distinguished contemporary Catholic theologians, addressed himself to this problem a few years ago when he asked whether, in the face of modern secular civilization, the Catholic's attitude should be to stand fast, holding out his hand in an attempt to stop this civilization's progress, all the while looking over his shoulder at the ever-diminishing figure of Isabella II of Spain. "What a peculiar stance for the universal Church," Father Murray observed.

My criticism of those Catholics who call themselves conservatives is that they do precisely this. In their major attitudes toward modern civilization, in the last one hundred and fifty years, they have been vehemently negative. And in this, I think, they have helped to create that image of the Church as a mere nay-sayer which pervades the modern world. This image is essentially a caricature of the Church, but it prevents modern men, almost en masse, from seeing the Church as that community of creative love and salvation which the Church really is. Historically, too many Catholic conservatives have fallen into a habit of mere nostalgia, of mere defensiveness; they have thus seemed, at least, unconcerned for any of the great battles for which the modern world has fought. With Father Murray I would say: what a peculiar stance for the universal Church!

It seems to me that the error of conservative Catholicism has been its failure to distinguish—and whatever may be the intellectual failures of Catholics, the last should be a failure to distinguish! And, because of their failure to distinguish, conservative Catholics have condemned everything for which the modern world has struggled because the *reasons* for which the modern world has struggled have been wrong. Who in the modern world, for example, has fought the great battles for equality and for freedom? (These are easy words, I know.) Concretely, who has fought the battles for racial justice? Was it the Catholics of Europe who stood most strongly against anti-Semitism? In this country, has it been Catholics who have led the battle for Negro rights? No, in both cases it has been the despised liberals. Who has fought the battles for freedom of the press and for freedom of conscience? Has the Catholic community either in this country or in Europe been famous for these things? I fear the answer is obvious. And again it is No.

The picture of modern history is largely the opposite. The Catholic community, on the whole, has either held back from the battles through indifference or has been content to condemn those who fought for these causes because their philosophy was a secularist, a non-Christian or even an anti-Christian philosophy. But if the modern world has fought these battles for

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the wrong reasons, it seems to me that in these matters the Christian's proper role should be to supply the right reasons, rather than to turn his back upon the battles themselves.

Certainly, in modern history the battleground for the major arguments between liberal and conservative Catholics has been France. It was French conservative Catholics who, through the entire nineteenth century, insisted on involving the fortunes of the Church with the fortunes of the French monarchy. And it was a great "liberal" Pope, Leo XIII, who finally ordered these conservative Catholics to cease tying the hopes of the Church to anachronistic political institutions and admonished them to come to terms with the republican institutions of their age, if they were to have any hope of speaking to their age at all.

Again, in our own century, it was another Pope, Piux XI, who condemned the conservative French political movement, *L'Action Française*. In this movement conservative Catholics once more sought to tie the Church to a rightist nationalism. At the cost of great bitterness among many Catholics, Pius XI demanded that they cease their efforts to involve the Church with authoritarian politics.

And we may recall the recent, poignant letter that close to two hundred Spanish priests circulated among their bishops, warning of a dark future for the Church in Spain unless, more than they had in the past, Spanish Catholics entered into and showed some concern for the causes of social justice and civil liberties—causes for which, once again, the Spanish liberals seem to be struggling alone.

IN CONSIDERING these things, in our tendency to damn causes for which we should have fought (and which should now be our causes) because they are the causes of men with whose philosophy we cannot agree, we might recall the wisdom of John Henry Newman, who once observed: "If they say to me, this cannot be Christian because it is found in paganism, I reply, this cannot be pagan because it is found in Christianity."

In these matters the Catholic liberal distinguishes. He recalls the words of the contemporary French theologian, Henri de Lubac, who has reminded us that in every age the Christian has a dual vocation. He faces two tasks: to conserve and to adapt. If he merely conserves and fails to adapt, then he has betrayed his duty as a Christian to the world. I believe it is the tragedy of conservative Catholicism that it has so completely polarized itself, and built such thick walls around itself, that it has forsaken the Christian's second vocation, which is to adapt the truths he has conserved to the unique needs of the present.

The Catholic liberal, however, believes that God's providence did not stop at some point in history—in the sixteenth century at the Reformation or in 1789 at the Revolution. He believes that God works *through* history. Because our God is a God of history, and He does bring good even out of evil.

It was a nineteenth century French theologian, Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orléans, who said something that I think we should remember today. He asked what Catholics should say to the men of our age—the liberals, the secularists—who accuse us of reaction and of failure to accept the facts of modern liberty. Dupanloup replied, "We must say this: we accept, we welcome the liberties for which you have fought. You made the Revolution without us. Indeed, you made it against us; but you also made it for us. In spite of you, God willed it so."

Modern liberalism has fought and won battles for which we Catholics should have fought but which, in our blindness, we too often opposed. Thus does God's providence work in man's affairs. Those Catholics who are described as "liberal"—who are "open" toward modern civilization—are at their best, I think, when they are in search for the evidences of God's providence in history, even in movements where they may least expect to find God's hand.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

The sudden footstep terrified.
He felt his bones grow visible
as a white tree
and fled among the humming rocks,
exiled with his affronted mind.
The island turned to flesh,
and the raw sun
made a blue savage run with him
and with him hide.

He who had cried for company
cried for his desert soul again,
the parrot-feathered dawns,
pale goats and silences,
the guardian sea
unlanguaged and alone.

His Bible droned like a black cat;
outside, the heavy ewes complained.
The footstep thudded on the page
of Genesis and echoed there.
Perhaps the imprint was his own!
He went, and setting one bald foot
in that great spoor
felt the thin sea uprolled into an eye,
and his chief terror known.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG.

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A Moderate Revolution

by HENRY G. FAIRBANKS

THE COUP of Captain Kong Le in Laos last August was a jolt to Western complacence. The attempt of Colonel Thi in Vietnam a few weeks ago was a shock. But it should not have been. Anyone feeling the pulse of Saigon last spring could sense its approach. Anyone sympathizing with the pressures on Mr. Diem and with the potential of his government hoped then that prudent anticipation might avert the violence or the dangerous dislocation of authority. For foresight could have made the concessions to moderate demands which would have strengthened, and not merely sustained, the Diem government.

The explosion of November 11th, however, need not panic Western chancelleries. By virtue of forces loyal to his regime, Mr. Diem has emerged from his barricaded palace apparently still in control. It is hoped that he comes forth "a wiser and a better man," although neither friend nor foe has ever doubted that he is a good man personally. But it is less Diem's return to power that should steady American nerves than awareness that the abortive revolution was one of moderates rather than of extremists.

Of course, the unrest will be exploited by the Viet Cong, already harassing the countryside in large-scale guerrilla action backed up by a North Vietnamese army (350,000 strong) poised along the 17th Parallel. But the uprising in Saigon was engineered by South Vietnamese who resorted to force in order to achieve what they had tried to effect peaceably last April. Frustration then propelled the desperation of the recent outbreak.

On the 26th of last April a group of prominent Vietnamese citizens, loyal to the government but critical of it policies, convened secretly at the Hotel Caravelle in downtown Saigon, a literal stone's throw from the National Assembly. They framed a petition, moderate but forthright, and submitted it to President Diem, asking for audience. That audience was denied.

Those aware of the move held their breath, expecting arrest of the signatories. But the government's indiscretion in rejecting the petition was not consummated by the folly of punitive measures. There was some tightening-up of security measures, some stricter surveillance of suspected individuals, but no arrests. Yet the numbing frustration hardened and a chill settled ominously on the tropical city.

Now that the pent-up storm has broken it may be instructive to review the "Caravelle Petition" for the light which it sheds on the demands of the rebels and on the character of their leadership. Although dated April 26th, and unquestionably the source of many complaints leaking out of Vietnam into the Western press, it has never been released intact. It explains better than most Monday morning quarterbacking the predicament of the President besieged at Independence Palace.

EIGHTEEN "notables, personages, and intellectuals" signed last April's five-page petition. After professing their good will and citing the "dangerous political situation" which prompted their action, they respectfully requested "an official audience" to present Mr. Diem "the truth" allegedly kept from him by his advisers. This truth, detailed in the petition, was the failure of the Diem regime to realize the high hopes with which it had begun its mandate nearly six years ago. "What has the Government done? Where has it taken South Vietnam? What hopes of the people have been fulfilled?"

Listed under the headings of Politics, Administration, Military, Social and Economic Affairs, the details specified empty formalism in the Constitution, goose-stepping in the National Assembly, continuous arrest of opposition spokesmen, suppression of public opinion, multiplication of bureaucracy, mismanagement of public funds, political cells in military units, private monopolies, manipulated speculation, coerced collectivism in the agrovilles, poverty in the midst of plenty—all, in the description of the petition, "copied from a dictatorial regime, inviting comparison, and not contrast, with Communist North Vietnam."

Those signing the petition numbered former ministers of state (Economy, Labor, Refugees, Defense, Public Health, Information), mandarins of the old regime, former province chiefs, and one Catholic prelate identified as Ho-Van-Vui, currently Vicar of Tha-La in the Province of Tay-Ninh. Since the suppression of the revolt of Nov. 11 three of the signatories have been listed among the imprisoned: Tran-Van-Van, Tran-Van-Huong, and Nguyen-Luu-Vien.

Mr. Fairbanks, a member of the faculty of St. Michael's College, Vermont, was Smith-Mundt lecturer, University of Saigon, 1959-60.

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Significantly, the name of Dr. Dan, "political chief of the coup," was not on the list of original signatories. (Early newspaper releases erroneously identified Dr. Dan as "Mr. Than Quang Don"; but otherwise his prominence among the "protestants" was correct. He has always been an outspoken member of the Opposition, especially since his unfortunate disbarment from the National Assembly last October gave him a "martyr's role" which he has capitalized on quite theatrically. But his name, correctly, is: Phan Quang (or Huy) Dan.) Undoubtedly Dr. Dan has contributed to the atmosphere of dissatisfaction, but discretion precluded any public connection with the group which might jeopardize the hoped-for audience. Now the turn of events has precipitated him and, perhaps, a more radical element than the original *"caravellistes"* into prominence. But the old demands still remain, though now shouted aloud and punctuated with machine-gun fire and grenades: *bona fide* elections, freedom of the press, relaxation of controls over politics and business, curtailment of political appointments in the armed forces, and an end to nepotism in high places.

BASICALLY, the demands of the reformers are just. The government itself would concede this, but insists that an "emergency situation" does not permit immediate realization of its own program aimed at achieving all these ends ultimately. To an extent often overlooked by foreign critics of its dilatoriness the government has a case: a divided country; an aggressive neighbor in Communist North Vietnam; stepped-up guerrilla warfare in the South and West; and a legacy of economic dislocations from the close aftermath of a bloody civil war. To a degree generally admitted, the Diem record is considerable, called by enthusiasts like Gen. John O'Daniel "The Miracle of Vietnam": unification of free Vietnam; proclamation of a republic with a constitution modeled after that of the United States and of the Philippines; resettlement of almost one million refugees; institution of a broad system of public education, inauguration of land reform, adoption of a five-year plan for industrial development, achievement of diplomatic recognition by most of the free world.

To support the Government's case, add the fact that the normal pre-conditions of developed democracy do not exist widely in Vietnam. There is no vividly shared concept of "the state," much less of a constitutional republic, among 12,000,000 just liberated from colonialism and previously conditioned by centuries of despotism; there is no solid basis of popular education to give realistic meaning to voting, although the Government has made heroic inroads on the problem of illiteracy; there is no industry as we understand it in the West and, accordingly, except for *fonctionnaires* and intellectuals, no vital center of a middle class; there are relatively few trained native leaders to assume technical responsibilities left vacant by the French withdrawal in 1954.

The last point, however, has been overextended into a rationalization of nepotism which has given a "family character" to the Diem regime. Nearly everybody in high places is related to everybody else and too many, so the allegation goes, are related to the President's official family. This complaint more than really grievous issues has embarrassed Mr. Diem and dramatized the grievances which recently exploded.

A case of sorts can be made out for nepotism in an Oriental context, notwithstanding the American temptation to prejudge Vietnam out of its traditional context. More realistically, it can be argued that it is natural to rely on close associates in a period of chaos such as that which followed the civil war and the wars of the sects. Yet the fact is that the prominence of Madam Nhu, sister-in-law to the President and the bachelor-President's ubiquitous "first lady," has been a cinder in the civic eye, irritating, blinding.

In a situation calling for a Vietnamese Joan of Arc, Madame Nhu is too sophisticated and elegant to assume the role in which she has acquiesced too readily. In her chic coiffure, her satin *pantalons* and her gold-lamé *ao,* she suggests the salons of Paris or the perfumed chambers of imperial Hue rather than the stern ideals of simplicity and sacrifice officially enjoined upon the country. One need not credit back-stairs gossip and the petty cattiness which have kept her a target of criticism. That is the handicap of every beautiful woman, from Lucrezia Borgia to Marie Antoinette. But even a sense of good public relations would have cautioned Mr. Diem against flaunting an exotic before a struggling people in an hour of agony. As the line circulating from the Continental to La Pagode went: "Say *No* to Nhu, but Yes to Ngo." A joke, yes, but there is truth in every jest and tragedy sometimes in tremendous trifles.

Perhaps this point is difficult for Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem to grasp. They say he has no sense of humor, that he is pure to the point of rigidity and rigid to the point of fanatical, if sincere, dedication. Power has not corrupted him, but ironically, his very vision has blinded him. He has seen far, but not directly beneath his nose. He has heard his own "voices," but not always those of his countrymen.

Those who still believe in Mr. Diem as Vietnam's best promise in the struggle for a free Southeast Asia (far more than in the Kerensky-potential of Dr. Dan) hope that he now takes a new look, and not just a Nhu one, at the situation. His Seventh Infantry Division managed to rescue him from the latest threat, but it will take more than armed might to restore him to public confidence.

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THE SCREEN

SHALOM!

A FEW DAYS after I saw "Exodus," I read newspaper accounts of renewed U.S. efforts to persuade Israel and the Arab States to end their twelve-year-old dispute or at least come to some compromise before President-elect Kennedy's planned Middle East talks next year. As everyone knows, the Arabs and Israelis have for many years been locked in this bitter and extremely complicated dispute involving boycotts, borders, refugees, the arms race and even open warfare. Thinking of all this made me wonder even more about the brash film that dared to rush in and cover this tense situation in the 1947 period, when it was even more complicated by the presence of the British. In spite of its excessive running time, "Exodus" can only skim over the surface of the historical background; and, since expensive movies must keep one eye on the box office, this film can afford to offend no one. The British and the Arabs are only part-time villains, while the Jews, in spite of the fact that some are portrayed as fanatics, are the big-time heroes in this story of the re-birth of their homeland.

No doubt Dalton Trumbo did the best he could in writing his screenplay from Leon Uris's unwieldy novel, a book which, though very popular in the United States, was looked down on in Israel as inaccurate history and mediocre literature. Trumbo simplified the story line to some extent, but I wish he could have given the characters more warmth and depth to make them more like human beings and less like heroic symbols in an epic poem. "Exodus" does have an epic quality at times, especially during the first part when the Hagannah agent Ari Ben Canaan pulls his daring rescue of a group of Jewish refugees being held by the British on Cyprus, and smuggles them past the British blockade into the Palestine port of Haifa. Otto Preminger, who gave this film its handsome production and directed its large cast, is at his best in these scenes on Cyprus, and Paul Newman, who plays this lead role of Ari Ben Canaan in a pugnaciously heroic vein, is also at his best during these bold maneuvers. Disguised as a British officer, he brazenly confronts the anti-Semitic British major (Peter Lawford); he sasses the Cypriote (Hugh Griffin) who gets him the ship, later named the *Exodus;* and under the eyes of the British, he successfully puts his passengers and supplies on the rickety old craft. This is only the beginning of the exciting rescue mission, which is to include a hunger strike and the winning of worldwide attention before the British give in and the *Exodus* sails.

After the film moves its locale to Israel, "Exodus" becomes a combination travelogue, with excellent shots of Palestine, and plot that contrasts the Hagannah and the Irgun. It shows how the two agencies, though quite different in methods, could work together when necessary against the British and against the Arabs whose attacks on the new country, after the U.N. votes for partition in November 1947, end the movie on a troubled note. Ari Ben Canaan belongs to the Hagannah, the Jewish underground organization that is not averse to using force but prefers peaceful arguments and examples. He is shown with his new-found friend, an American nurse who offered her services during the hunger strike on the *Exodus* and is played by Eva Marie Saint like a cold potato, visiting various points of interest in Israel, including a youth village and his family's home in the country overlooking a superb view of the Valley of Jezreel. When the Irgun, the Israeli terrorists who believe the British can be got rid of only through violence, blow up the King David Hotel, Ari works with this group to free his uncle and other Irgun members from the Acre prison. Needless to say, there is plenty of action in this part of the film and in the later scenes in which Syrian commandos, led by an ex-Nazi, hope to drive the Jews from their homeland.

But the last half of "Exodus" indulges in some strange film making; and the script, which is not specific enough in establishing the motives of some of the characters, wanders too far and wide at this point and leaves too much unanswered. This may be due to the fact that although the photography taken at Cyprus and Israel is most impressive, the sound track, for which Preminger tried some interesting effects with off-stage noises, often proves distracting and drowns out the dialogue. The film is needlessly long and would have been more forceful had it discarded even more of the Uris book and stopped with the triumphal scenes after the United Nations vote in favor of partition. No doubt the Arab aftermath is meant to presage future woes, but handled as superficially as it is, it comes as a melodramatic anticlimax.

On one point, though, "Exodus" is quite specific—in its glowing tribute to the valiant efforts put forth by the Israeli to establish and build their homeland. The people of Israel may be a little embarrassed by all this hero-worship; but audiences in this country will no doubt be stirred by the stalwart portraits given by Paul Newman and many of the good cast around him, especially Sal Mineo, who is fine as an enthusiastic member of the Irgun, Jill Haworth as a young Jewish refugee who falls in love with Sal, Lee J. Cobb as Paul's wise father and a pioneer in the Palestine movement, David Opatoshu as Paul's uncle and head of the Irgun, and several others who are not Jews but are sympathetic to their problems—like Ralph Richardson as the British general at Cyprus and John Derek as Paul's good Arab friend. "Exodus" may not bring us any closer

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to understanding the complicated problems to be discussed at the 1961 Middle East conferences, but to Ari Ben Canaan's promise at the film's finale, we can add a sincere amen: "I swear the time will come when Jew and Arab will live peacefully together."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"CASTRO AND THE NEUTRALS"

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Edward Glick's well-constructed article "Castro and the Neutrals" [Oct. 21] struck me as a bewildering building made up of perfectly real bricks and mortar (the facts that he uses, as far as I know, are correct) in the thin air of No-Place. To prove that Castro is interested in Africa and Asia is a matter of such esoteric moment that it seems to a person (who is an American, with close Cuban relatives and friends) like fiddling while Rome burns.

Perhaps it was still possible when Mr. Glick wrote his article to believe that Castro's overiding interest was to become part of a "third force"—to be fair, even Mr. Glick seems to have some idea that Castro aspires to be the leader and not just a "party". Maybe it was possible to believe he was a new kind of Latin American statesman instead of a sort of *enfant terrible* of the political scene who under the name of humanism is depriving the people of Cuba of all their civil rights, of a free press, a body of laws of which they could have recourse, and of at least the *machinery* of a political system within which they could have something to say about what happens to them. Perhaps the events of the past few weeks—among them the remarkable edict about Urban Reform—may have convinced Mr. Glick that Castro's perfectly real desire to play a decisive role in world affairs (you've got to hand it to the man, he thinks BIG) is subsidiary to a megalomania which has succeeded in destroying almost entirely the freedom of the individual and every vestige of self-government in his own country.

In Cuba today there is no Congress, no law except by edict, no effective unions (they have had their teeth pulled; no strikes are allowed, and their leaders replaced by government officials) no press or news agency (only government propaganda) and no elections even envisaged for the future. What it seems to me we are in the danger of overlooking are those things —that the autonomy of a small sister republic has been utterly destroyed before our eyes within a short space of time. We hear so much about the confiscation of American property in Cuba that we tend to overlook that Cuban property has been largely confiscated as well, and that above and beyond property there are no rights at *all* left in Cuba, the only right that is left is that of Fidel Castro to decide what can be said or done. Castro calls his program "humanism," but it is the self-oriented pathology of a man who wants to destroy all authority but his own. It is a diseased paternalism The fact that Castro is a political man instead of another robber baron is just an accident of birth (his father had already *been* a robber baron-type, if a minor one) and of our times which are so in ferment politically. His program, at home and abroad, can only be understood as the unfolding design of an overwhelming personal ambition to dominate.

Mr. Glick's concluding remarks, which round off hs thesis so neatly are typical of how reasonably he has constructed in thin air. He says: "Given Castro's personality, his desire to show off his political manlihood to his powerful neighbor, Cuba's relatively underdeveloped state, and the fact that more than one out of every four Cubans is either a Negro, mulatto, or of Asian descent, is it really so surprising that Cuba today is drawing close to Afro-Asia?" He should have stopped after his first two "given" conditions to have his question answered in the affirmative. It is true that Cuba is "relatively" underdeveloped compared to the United States, but relative to Africa or Asia she is (or was) a modern semi-industrialized nation and Fidel Castro has put her back to the point at which Russia emerged from feudal conditions. As for his statistic of Cuba's population, it may well be true that one out of four Cubans is colored, but this then would mean that there should be a less compelling attraction toward Afro-Asia than there would be towards Spain, as the other three-out-of-four are probably of Spanish descent. How malleable facts are!

I would implore Mr. Glick to consider the *whole* Cuban situation, at least the present-day one, before undertaking to analyze one facet of the career of this extraordinarily presumptuous and incoherent demagogue. In answer to his question I would say that it is not at all surprising that *Castro* is drawn to Afro-Asia (even though he is entirely white, as far as I know) but the surprising thing is that Castro must be substituted for Cuba in Mr. Glick's sentence, and only then does it make any sense.

I see that Mr. Glick is a social scientist, and while I believe in general that society resists analysis by scientific techniques anyhow, I would like to know if the illogicality of one passage in the article is based on some laboratory procedure. "There are few Russians living in Cuba, but with a Chinese colony of some thirty thousand, Cuba's relations with Communist China, whom she has just recognized, evoke interest." Are we to conclude that Castro-Cuba's flirtations with Russia should evoke less interest because there are so few Russians living in Cuba, and if the rising number

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of Russian visitors hit 30,000 should we then sit up and take notice? There is a large Chinese colony in Havana (I'm sure they number 30,000) but to my knowledge they are overwhelmingly anti-Red China; when the Bank of China in Havana was recently taken over by the Castro government I understand that the consternation of the industrious Chinese colony, whose savings were in it, was extreme. In praising the construction of Mr. Glick's article I was perhaps too impetuous, because the whole paragraph of which the above passage was a part is something of an anomaly; I don't see how anyone, no matter how gifted, could make out that Communist China is a neutral nation.

NAME WITHHELD.

"DISCOVERY OF GHELDERODE"

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: I naturally enjoyed Mr. Samuel Draper's flattering reference to myself in his article on Ghelderode ["Discovery of Ghelderode," Oct. 28]. But some readers might find a contradiction between Mr. Draper's gladness that I was able to influence a publisher toward bringing out Ghelderode and his conclusion that the translations the publisher brought out are inept.

I must not enter into any discussion of that conclusion, but your readers might care to know that translations of Ghelderode do exist other than those in the Hill and Wang volume. I had the pleasure of including Lionel Abel's fine rendering of "Escurial" in my *Modern Theater 5,* and I recently learned that C. P. Snow's distinguished wife, Pamela Hansford Johnson, has translated one of the major plays, "Hop Signor!" Meanwhile an off-Broadway production of "Barabbas" is announced in a translation by Dr. Hugh Dickinson of Loyola University. (This may have been the first English translation of Ghelderode, and Dr. Dickinson's production of it in Chicago was without doubt the first Ghelderode production in this country.)

ERIC BENTLEY.

AN APPEAL

The monastery of Erlach, near Linz, Austria, has had a struggle for subsistence ever since its founding in 1952. The monks do farm work twelve hours a day and sing the entire Divine Office; their life is remarkable for its austerity and simplicity. The monastery faces a demand for immediate repayment of a two-thousand-dollar bank loan. A member of the community now in this country hopes to return to Erlach for Christmas with enough to pay off the monastery's modest debts. Donations to help may be sent to Brother Pachomius, O.S.B., % Mount Saviour, P.O. Box 3066, Elmira, N.Y.

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Limited Light on a Disturbed Continent

AN AFRICAN TREASURY. By Langston Hughes. Crown. $3.50.

By VICTOR C. FERKISS

FOR MOST Americans, bewilderment at events in Africa is compounded by the fact that they must assess the current deluge of news on the basis of fragmentary, disconnected and two-dimensional images of the African continent. They have no awareness of Africans as human beings, subject to the quotidian concerns of human beings in a complex society. The images which Africa evokes—today as in the past—are those of tension and terror: the witch doctor in the shadowy jungle, the grotesquerie of the mask, the insistent throbbing of the drums, racial strife, the Mau Mau, and now strange, strident young men with microphones and machineguns, calling for their brothers' blood.

Most novelists' portraits of Africa and Africans which are not outright trash (such as Robert Ruark's *Something of Value*) suffer from the subtle weakness of knowing their subject too well. For in a continent where white and black meet often as rivals—and always uneasily—merely being "European" means that it is impossible for the white novelist to write of Africans save from the point of view of one who has a peculiar and often deeply-felt relationship to them. This emotional myopia is not confined to novelists such as Stuart Cloete who dislike and distrust the African, but also afflicts writers such as Alan Paton who are on the side of the Africans in the racial struggle still going on over much of the continent. Interestingly, one of the best available portraits of African life is *Seven Days to Lomaland* by an American woman, Esther Warner. Mrs. Warner got to know the African intimately while living for a time in Liberia, yet she managed to retain her ability to take him or leave him alone—to judge him by the same human standards she would use in judging her white friends and acquaintances—the one thing no permanent white resident of Africa is able to do.

If the picture of the African is almost necessarily distorted when seen through non-African eyes, the solution seems obvious: look at the African through African eyes. *An African Treasury* attempts to make this possible. While its demerits are many, any candle in the darkness of American ignorance of the African psyche is worth lighting. What is more, the compiler of this anthology, the American Negro poet Langston Hughes, has succeeded well in his announced aim of keeping the book above all "readable."

But one major deficiency of *An African Treasury* is its unrepresentativeness. With the exception of three pieces of poetry by "Africans of French culture," an anonymous poem from Zanzibar, and a speech by Tom Mboya of Kenya, every selection originates in former British West Africa or the Union of South Africa. Such a distribution of choices within English-speaking Africa is understandable, if extreme; the economic and educational situation of Africans in East Africa has not provided East Africans the same literary opportunities available to their Western and Southern cousins. But even if the editor did not know French (and not to know French is not to know half of Africa), translations of the work of first-rate writers such as Camara Laye of Guinea (*The African Child*) are readily obtainable. Actually, probably more good writing is being done by Africans in French than in English. To present as representative a collection of African writing drawn almost entirely from English language sources is, to say the least, misleading.

The best essay in Hughes' collection—Peter Abrahams' "The Blacks"—and the best story—Abidasah Nicol's "As the Night, So the Day"—have already appeared in widely circulated American and British periodicals. The quality of the other selections is very uneven, and although Hughes has eschewed pieces overly saturated with local idiom and color, he has fallen into the opposite error of including much that is mannered and contrived. Moreover, the essays and even the fiction in the volume might make more sense to the average reader if annotated by the editor. One piece—Anyenaekeya Udaegu's "Ibo's As They Are"—conveys the spirit of the inhabitants of Eastern Nigeria through the author's happy-go-lucky repudiation of such obvious facts as the niggardliness of nature to the Ibo homeland. All the selections from West

THE DANISH MOBILE

The Danish mobile has a puffed gilt star
that swings just slightly in the slightest air
that swings just slightly four attendants,
mobile in rose bell-bottomed skirts on a lower level.

The angels stir in the small perturbation of the air
careening slowly, and the star, leveling,
slowly careens. Early the shafted angels
sheer the sun; but in total darkness too the mobile levels.

Wires rig the star, wires rig the heads of the angels
my friend suspended in the crowded invisible air.
Atoms collide, ash slips, and death elects. Meanwhile
careens (yet level) the counterpoint of love, the Danish mobile.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

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Africa can best be understood when placed in the perspective of a native cultural tradition barely scratched by direct European political control. On the other hand, the work of the South Africans represented here presents a very different picture. Americans, unfamiliar with the extent to which the current headline-making policy of apartheid in the Union of South Africa represents a regression in race relations and the conditions of life of black South Africans, are likely to be surprised at the greater sophistication of the South African contributors, a consequence of generations of participation in European industrial civilization.

The theme of racial oppression which pervades virtually all of the South African contributions is the occasion not of self-pity but of a quiet and dogged hope. The collection of letters to the editor and advice to the lovelorn from the South African edition of *Drum* hardly bespeaks a people laid low by mistreatment—these ebullient expressions could just as well have appeared in the West African edition of this widely read periodical. But that the South African might well envy his West African brother is something this collection clearly points up. A serenity based on a remembered, happy past pervades the writing from Nigeria, Ghana, and Sierra Leone. In contrast, the South African intellectual could purchase advanced education or training only at the price of psychological conflict.

What do these wrtiters tell us about what Africa is really like? The impression the reader receives is that of a strong and proud people facing the world with a naive confidence and charming lack of self-consciousness. Free Africans—like nineteenth century Americans—are almost certain to ask the visitor's opinions of them and their country. But should the visitor's views be critical Africans are apt to receive them with the same pitying disbelief with which our forefathers met the carpings of Dickens, and then go about their business with the same optimistic confidence as before.

Unfortunately, Langston Hughes' introduction obscures as much as it illuminates. He has little close acquaintance with Africa; apparently he visited there only once and that briefly as a young merchant seaman, and he suffers from the delusion of many American Negroes that their ancestry gives them a special key to understanding contemporary Africa. If too close a relationship with Africans warps the viewpoint of white writers, this is even more true of Negroes (*vide* Richard Wright) who have traditionally either rejected Africa (the more usual course) or made of it a distorted projection of their own hopes and fears.

The American Negro also tends to exaggerate the extent to which race as such is an important element in the consciousness of Africans. No one likes to be regarded as inferior—and to be mistreated and looked down upon because of one's color is bound to make one conscious of it. But if there is anti-white feeling in those areas of South, East and Central Africa where racial strife has been and still is a problem, it is a negative rather than a positive force. That is to say, it has not yet resulted in any mystical faith in the virtues of blackness as such among any but an extreme and uninfluential few. Where color consciousness does exist in Africa it is largely a reflection of white racism and tends to disappear when the external stimulus does.

Hughes makes much of *négritude* in his introduction, despite his neglect of French-African literature in the book itself. This movement of positive affirmation of things black was an importation from the French West Indies. In Africa as in Europe, French culture has produced an over-susceptibility to ideological fads, but English-speaking Africans never took *négritude* seriously because they could never quite find out just what it meant. Today *négritude* is increasingly *passé* even in French-speaking areas as the practical problems of nation-building absorb more and more of the attention of African intellectuals.

What the pieces in this anthology speak to us of is not the virtue of blackness but the unity of humanity regardless of color. The authors write of love, marriage and death, of the happy memories of childhood and the cares and vanities of adulthood. Their implicit message is simple: we Africans are not strange creatures from another planet but human beings like yourselves, with the same problems and the same griefs, with the same need to preserve dignity and good humor in the face of the challenges of daily living.

What Langston Hughes and those most pessimistic about African affairs seem unable to realize is that the African is not interested in spending his time scowling about race or politics. One detects in this collection, even in much written in tortured South Africa, a unity of mood based on the most common African facial expression—the broad grin. Innocence may not be the best ingredient for making great literature, but it has a charm of its own.

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Toward Christian Unity

HOLY WRIT OR HOLY CHURCH. By George H. Tavard. Harper. $5.

By LEONARD F. X. MAYHEW

AND SO the "dialogue" continues—with at least as much discussion about its existence as there is meaningful discussion contained within it. That all this "cross talking" may not become either mere talking or worse, talking at cross purposes, must be a general concern. Those of us so concerned can be very grateful for men like Father Tavard.

It is inevitable that after four hundred odd years of fundamental Protestant-Catholic disagreement plus justified as well as unwarranted suspicion, mutual misunderstanding, distrust and persecution, the first steps toward finding some common ground will be faltering. Finding the proper level for beginning is bound to be one problem. Cooperation in good works, opposition to common enemies, just plain good fellowship—all offer avenues with both advantages and disadvantages. Progress often seems to be followed by retrogression. What may appear unmitigated evils, as some of the excesses of the late presidential campaign, may, as seems possible now, engender an improved atmosphere after all.

Ultimately, however, if people divided by theological disagreements are going to discuss their differences the conversation must turn to theology. For this they must on both sides speak the same language or, at the minimum, become well-versed in each other's theological tongue. Otherwise, we will have not Pentecost but Babel. That such a conversation will require some monumental preliminary spadework should be obvious. Catholic theology is expressed almost totally in terms of Scholastic philosophy, totally rejected by the Reformers. Christianity incarnate in an organic society necessarily possessing legislative and magisterial authority is the heart of Catholicism and the antithesis of Protestantism. There are elements in Protestant theology just as unintelligible and unacceptable to Catholics. The spadework must consist then in a clear statement of the differences and also in the clarification of what common ground there may be—especially if this common ground is not generally recognized as such but has been considered for a long time part of the battlefield. To this good work Father Tavard has devoted his considerable erudition and talent. His name is familiar and revered by all interested in the theologian's approach to inter-faith dialogue.

In this book Father Tavard attempts to show that there is no real opposition between traditional Catholic doctrine and orthodox Protestant theology on the sources of revelation. In other words, he contends that the celebrated Protestant thesis that Scripture alone is the rule and guide of faith is susceptible to a (indeed, the) traditional and orthodox Catholic interpretation. His intention is frankly irenic. The basis of his arguments is the "co-inherence" of the Church and Scripture as taught by the early Fathers. With the qualitative decline of Scholasticism and especially under the impact of the attacks of the original Protestants, this sense of oneness was lost and Scripture, Tradition and Church began to be conceived as separate and partial sources of revealed truth. This paved the way for the errors of Luther and caused nothing but difficulty for Catholic apologists.

Although the question was settled in principle by the Council of Trent, many theologians of the Counter-Reformation continued to conceive of a dualistic source of revealed teaching. The awakening interest of contemporary Protestant divines in the question of tradition plus the growing attention given by Catholics to doctrinal evolution lead the author to conclude "that the time may soon be ripe for a reassessment of the basic issue of "Scripture alone"." He hopes the key to a theology of Christian unity

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This is a book primarily for the well-informed amateur and especially for the professional theologian with an interest in anchoring the discussion firmly in the really pertinent issues. The author hardly had the ordinary, even serious, reader in mind. Nevertheless, all who possess a conviction of the importance of the inter-faith dialogue and a hope that under the promptings of the Spirit great good may eventually come of it will be grateful that Father Tavard has laid a foundation on which further, intelligent discussion can be built.

REVIEWERS

Victor Ferkiss, a regular contributor, recently returned from an extended trip through Africa.

Father Leonard F. X. Mayhew is a parish priest in Athens, Georgia.

Thomas P. McDonnell writes frequently for various literary magazines.

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The Death of the Imagination

THE CHILD BUYER. By John Hersey. Knopf. $4.

By THOMAS P. McDONNELL

JOHN HERSEY has turned from the amorphous self-righteousness of *The War Lover* (war is caused by people nastier than ourselves) to an incisive examination of the public morality in education, science, and government. At this pivotal point between decades, Mr. Hersey's *The Child Buyer* ought to become one of the unique tracts of our time.

It would be fatuous to argue either about the novel form or the form of the novel which *The Child Buyer* has assumed. But ironically, since time is running out on some of the cataclysmic foibles of our society, the minutes of a Committee meeting nowadays may in fact present an almost frightening artistic credibility.

Parts of *The Child Buyer* sound like a Fred Allen radio script, and most of its characters walk straight out of a latter-day Allen's Alley. But the archetypes in this book (for that is what they are) come too close to the truth to be very funny: Senator Mansfield as the ineffectual Humanist; Skypack, the politician as Philistine; Voyolko as Caliban on the public payroll; Broadbent, the self-serving Inquisitor; Dr. Gozar as irreducible Rationalist; Barry Rudd (the child) as the exploited product of Scientism; and Wissey Jones (the buyer(who has been mistaken by some for Old Scratch himself, but who is actually the ultimate Appollonian.

One of the lesser and perhaps most believable figures in *The Child Buyer* is that of the delinquent Charles Perkonian. One has, in fact, the disturbing notion that Mr. Hersey might have written his book around him rather than the precocious Master Rudd. Are we wrong to presume that the gifted will somehow make out? But what about the new American primitives, the inarticulates, the Charlie Perkonians who remain all but completely alienated from the so-called norms of organized society. On this particular point it is not irrelevant to suggest a parallel reading of Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd.* Both books warn us that although systems may be necessary, so are the struggles against them.

Because of the obvious levels of critique in *The Child Buyer,* many reviewers have responded to it almost in kind—that is, according to whatever preferred attitudes they may themselves bring to the book. Yet Mr. Hersey is not attacking unrelated categories; he is attacking the increasingly massive syndrome of our intellectual and moral corruption.

More specifically, however, *The Child Buyer* is a parable on the death of the imagination. For despite the monstrous pedantry of Barry Rudd, the point will largely be lost if the reader fails to recognize in his "education" the murder of the child as poet. In Barry Rudd, and sometimes in Dr. Gozar, the lengthy monologue is not so much an artifice of the novelist to sustain the illusion of narrative as it is a desperate, though admirably controlled, effort to sustain the act of the human imagination.

But at last Barry Rudd, like all the others, succumbs to Wissey Jones and United Lymphomilloid. In a statement that surely must congeal the contemporary mind, Barry says, "I was wondering about the Forgetting Chamber. If all the pictures went out, if I forgot everything, where would they go? Just out into the air? Into the sky? Back home, around my bed, where my dreams stay?" The shattering thought is that we can always supply new pictures, via the coaxial cable, in millions of forgetting chambers across the land.

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